

PROG 477
5 JULY 86

£1.80 Malaysia
70c Australia
70c New Zealand
89c Mercury
210c Venus
60p Mars
10p Asteroid Belt
110p Saturn
2p Pluto
425g Neptune

26p
EARTH
MONEY

IN ORBIT
EVERY
MONDAY

FEATURING JUDGE DREDD

BIG

JINGS!

DUMB
BRIT...

GRRR!

MAN bites JOCK!



NERVE CENTRE

BORAG THUNGG, EARTHLETS.

Congratulations! Your trembling hands are now clutching a copy of the galaxy's greatest comic – thereby proving that you have great taste, that your IQ puts you streets ahead of the rest of the neighbourhood, and that you're a really cool person. This prog, with its 7 scroting stories for maximum groatworthiness, contains a couple of cosmic comic events. On the one hand there's *Bad City Blue*, screeching to a shock/horror ending. It's had a triumphant run, which just goes to show that Art Robot Robin Smith can function perfectly well with one of everything. On the other hand, to help compensate for *BCB*'s absence next week, there's the start of a *Judge Dredd* 3-parter from Art Robot Cam Kennedy...and just in case that's not enough for your thrill-circuits, next prog also sees the announcement of all competition and freebie winners dating back as far as Prog 463. Perhaps *your* name will be amongst them, Terran – perhaps you'd better get your grabbers on Prog 478 and find out!

SPLUNDIG VUR THRIGG!

THARG

OLD WIVES TALE

Borag Thungg, Tharg.

I have finally found a mistake on a point of law in the mighty *Judge Dredd*. In a case not so far back, he charged a member of a starship crew with bigamy on several counts (the story was "Gribblings", Part 2, in Prog 465. Tharg). However, this man should be freed, for he did not commit the crime of having two wives but of having many wives – and therefore he should have been charged with POLYGAMY.

From Earthlet Gary Hoey, Aberdeen. £5 Winner. The perp's crime was bigamy because he got married while a previous marriage was still valid. He had more than two wives, true, but that's why he was charged with committing his crime fourteen times... and you can count yourself lucky not to be doing time for being a smartypants!

SEE YOU AGAIN PET AGAIN

Dear Tharg,

Earthlet Glennon (Nerve Centre, Prog 464) is not the most observant Earthlet in the galaxy, he is only the second most observant. I, too, noticed that Trevor was wearing a *Judge Death* T-Shirt in the first episode of "Auf Wiedersehen Pet" – but I also noticed, in the second episode, that Wayne was actually reading a copy of your zarjaz publication! Surely then I am the most observant Earthlet in the galaxy?

From Earthlet Robin Rutherford, Corby. £5 Winner. Of all the millions who read 2000 AD, you are the only Terran to bring this incident to my attention. I conclude, therefore, that the vid-show in question was watched by hardly anyone at all – but out of the ones who did watch it, you are the most observant.

THE BIRTH OF THE BLUE

Dear Tharg,

When I was reading my back progs I stumbled across Prog 443 where I found the zarjaz story "Psmith's Farewell", and in this story your new *Bad City Blue* was mentioned! The prog bears the date 9 November 1985, but I know you send work



DREDD'S DARK SECRET *5

Drawn by Earthlet Daniel England, Leeds. £10 Winner.



T.M.O.

Drawn by Earthlet or Earthlets unknown. Confessions to the Command Module for your £10, please.

VOTE HERE!

Each week Tharg displays your drawings and letters on his Nerve Centre. There are big cash prizes for every entry published, so write to him now! The address is: THARG'S NERVE CENTRE, COMMAND MODULE 2018, KING'S REACH TOWER, STAMFORD STREET, LONDON SE1 9LS.

List your three favourite stories in THIS PROG on the coupon and enclose it with your entry.

1.
2.
3.

I Dislike:.....

My Age Is..... 477

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ANDERSON PSI DIVISION

ON THE DEMON WORLD JUDGE ANDERSON HAS BEEN FORCED TO SHOOT THE UNFORTUNATE HAMMY BLISH TO PREVENT HIS SACRIFICE. AND NOW —

MY JUDGE TUTOR WARNED ME THERE'D BE DAYS LIKE THIS !

THE POSSESSED

GERONIMO !





GOTTA HAVE
A WORD WITH
THE PILOT
BEFORE WE
CRASH LAND.



THE TELEPATH FOCUSSES
HER WILL -

EASY, BIRDIE! I'M
NOT GOING TO
HURT YOU - JUST
HITCHING A
RIDE!



ATTABOY!
YOU'RE GETTING
THE MESSAGE!



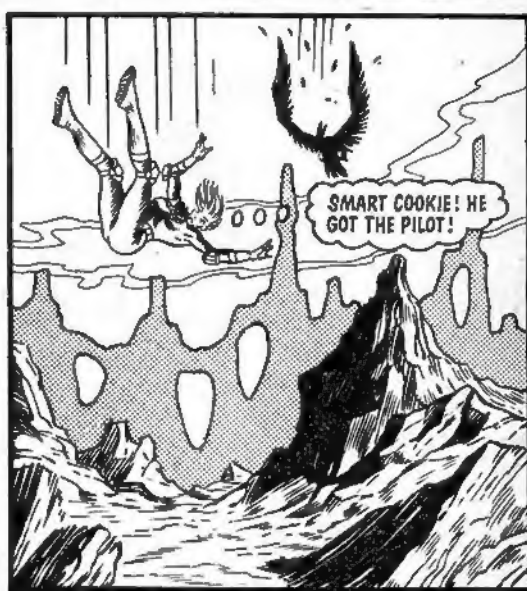
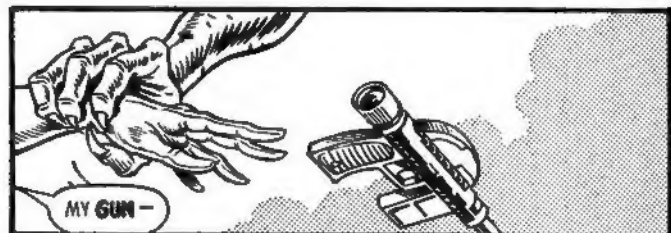
FLUP

FLAP

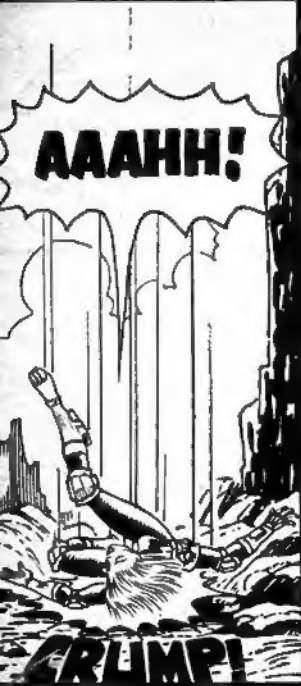
FLAP



UH-OH!
BANDITS
AT
9 O'CLOCK!



AAAHH!



CRUMPI!

MEANWHILE, IN A RUINED CHURCH BENEATH THE STREETS OF MEGA-CITY ONE -

WE CAN'T LEAVE ANDERSON MAROONED IN GARGARAX'S WORLD. SOMEBODY'S GOT TO GO THROUGH AFTER HER.



DAMN! BLASTED LEG'S BROKEN! GONNA NEED A SUPPORT...



BUT HOW? THE GATEWAY IS CLOSED.

THEN WE REOPEN IT - BRIDGE THE GREAT CHASM AGAIN.

CAN YOU DO IT, WALTERS?



NOT ALONE... BUT THESE CREEPS KNOW ALL THE DRILL. WE'LL RECONVENE THE COVEN.

NO WAY! NOT ONE OF US WILL LIFT A FINGER TO HELP YOU!




YOU PREFER A BULLET IN THE HEAD, MERLIN?

YOU WOULDN'T DARE! IT'D BE ILLEGAL KILLING - MURDER!

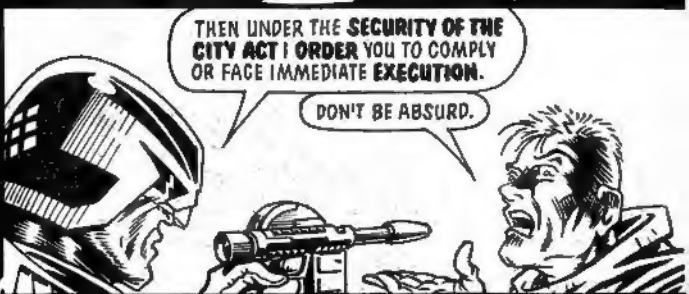
YEAH?





WALTERS — YOU'RE
THE PSI. YOU CONSIDER
THIS CASE QUALIFIES
UNDER THE **SECURITY**
OF THE CITY ACT?

WITHOUT A
DOUBT.




THEN UNDER THE **SECURITY OF THE**
CITY ACT I ORDER YOU TO COMPLY
OR FACE IMMEDIATE **EXECUTION**.

DON'T BE ABSURD.



BLAM!



ANYBODY ELSE WANT TO SIT IT
OUT WITH THE **LAWYER** HERE?



GOOD! THEN
GET THE HOODS
BACK ON AND
MAKE WITH THE
MUMBO JUMBO!

NEXT PROG:

**PSI IN
DISTRESS!**

BAD CITY BLUE

Script: Craig Lipp

Art: Robin Smith

Lettering: Steve Potter



DOWNCORE TO POWER
DOME, BUTTON
PRESSIN', THINKIN' BLUE
GOT IT MADE. BLACK
HOLE DON'T SWALLOW
BAD CITY NOW!

DARKSIDE: FORGOT
BUTTONMAN
TECO?



SHOULDER
SHATTER,
SCRABBLIN' FOR
MY DOUBLE-B...



NO DICE,
BLUE!

UUUUNGH!



ALWAYS TRICKY ONE,
HUH, TECO? HOW YOU KNOW
I COMIN' HERE?

BASE BEEN
FOLLOWIN'
YOU ON
JAYCAM,
SLUMSCUM.



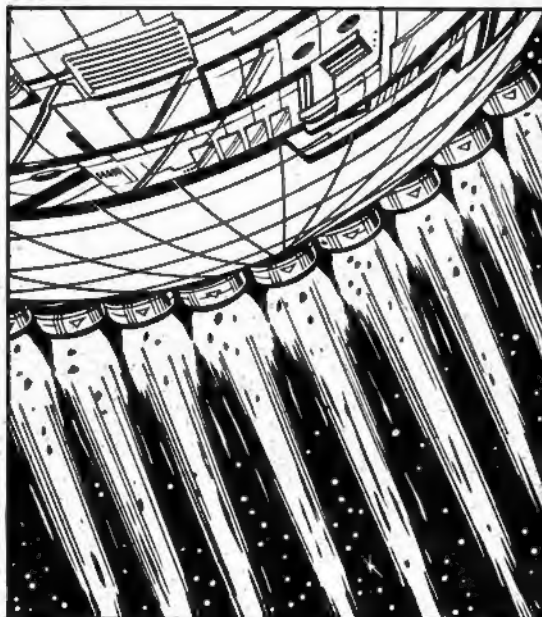
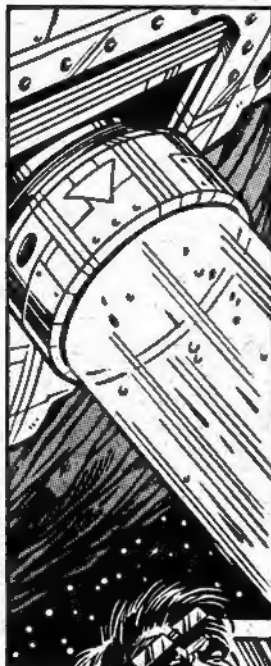
STANDARD
EXECUTION,
BLUE.

++BOOSTERS
LOCKED++



PITY, YA FEEL
THERE OUGHTA BE
SOMETHIN' SPECIAL
FOR A ROGUE
BUTTONMAN!

++IGNITING++



WHAT IN
DARKSIDE--?



DIRTY BLUE
DON'T NEED
TWO CHANCE--

KZZAAAK!



LAUGH ON YOU, TECO! LAST OF THE BUTTOMEN—HUH!

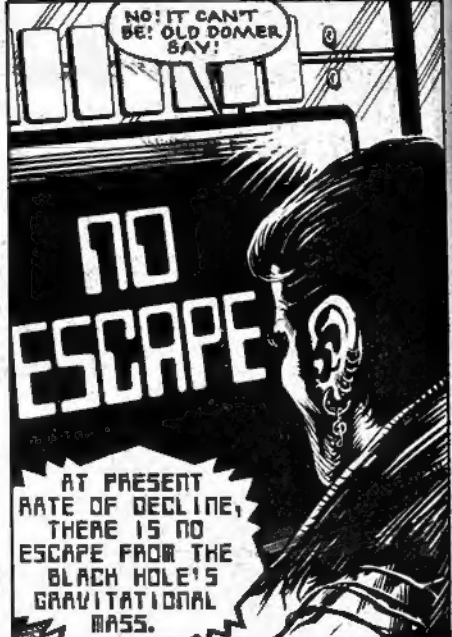
ATTENTION!
ATTENTION!



BOOSTERS HAVE
FAILED TO HALT
ORBITAL DECAY.
WHAT ARE YOUR
INSTRUCTIONS?

WHAT YOU
MEAN? MORE
POWER—
USE MORE
POWER!

THAT IS
NOT POSSIBLE.
ALL AVAILABLE
POWER HAS
ALREADY BEEN
CHANNELLED.



NO! IT CAN'T
BE! OLD DOMER
SAY!

NO
ESCAPE!

AT PRESENT
RATE OF DECLINE,
THERE IS NO
ESCAPE FROM THE
BLACK HOLE'S
GRAVITATIONAL
MASS.



NO! NO!
NO!



LAUGH ON BLUE, TOO. OLD
DOMER WAS WRONG—WRONG
'BOUT BAD CITY, WRONG 'BOUT
BOOSTERS.

WE ALL DONE FOR!



NO SWEAT.



BAD CITY BLEW



THARG'S FUTURE-

SHOCKS

THE SHOP THAT SOLD EVERYTHING!



THERE YOU GO, SIR. DO I WIN THE BET?

I HAVEN'T FINISHED
YET! HOW ABOUT A
SINGING CARPET?



ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT! SO YOU'VE BEEN LUCKY!

BUT WHAT ABOUT AN
EDIBLE WINDMILL?

I GOTTA DEEP, DEEP
PILE AND MAMRE...!

SMALL OR
LARGE, SIR?



ONE OF THE
FINEST.

OOH YEAH. NOBODY KNOWS
THE FLOORBOARDS I SEE, &
I SHOULD BE ON YOUR WALL
BUT YOU WALK ALL OVER ME.

FULL
8 OCTAVE
RANGE
AND...

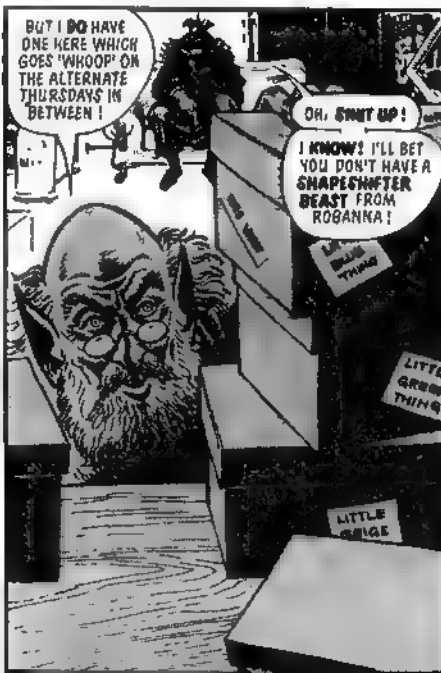


MUCH LATER

... A LITTLE BLUE THING
THAT GOES 'WHOOO' ON
ALTERNATE THURSDAYS?

I'M AFRAID I SOLD
THE LAST ONE OF THOSE
YESTERDAY, SIR.

AMA!



BUT I DO HAVE
ONE HERE WHICH
GOES 'WHOOO' ON
THE ALTERNATE
THURSDAYS IN
BETWEEN!

OH, SHUT UP!

I KNOW! I'LL BET
YOU DON'T HAVE A
SHAPECHANGER
BEAST FROM
ROGANNA!

OH, SHUT UP!

LITTLE
GREEN
THING

LITTLE
GRIGE



THE MOST VICIOUS,
BLOODTHIRSTY
MONSTER IN THE
GALAXY?

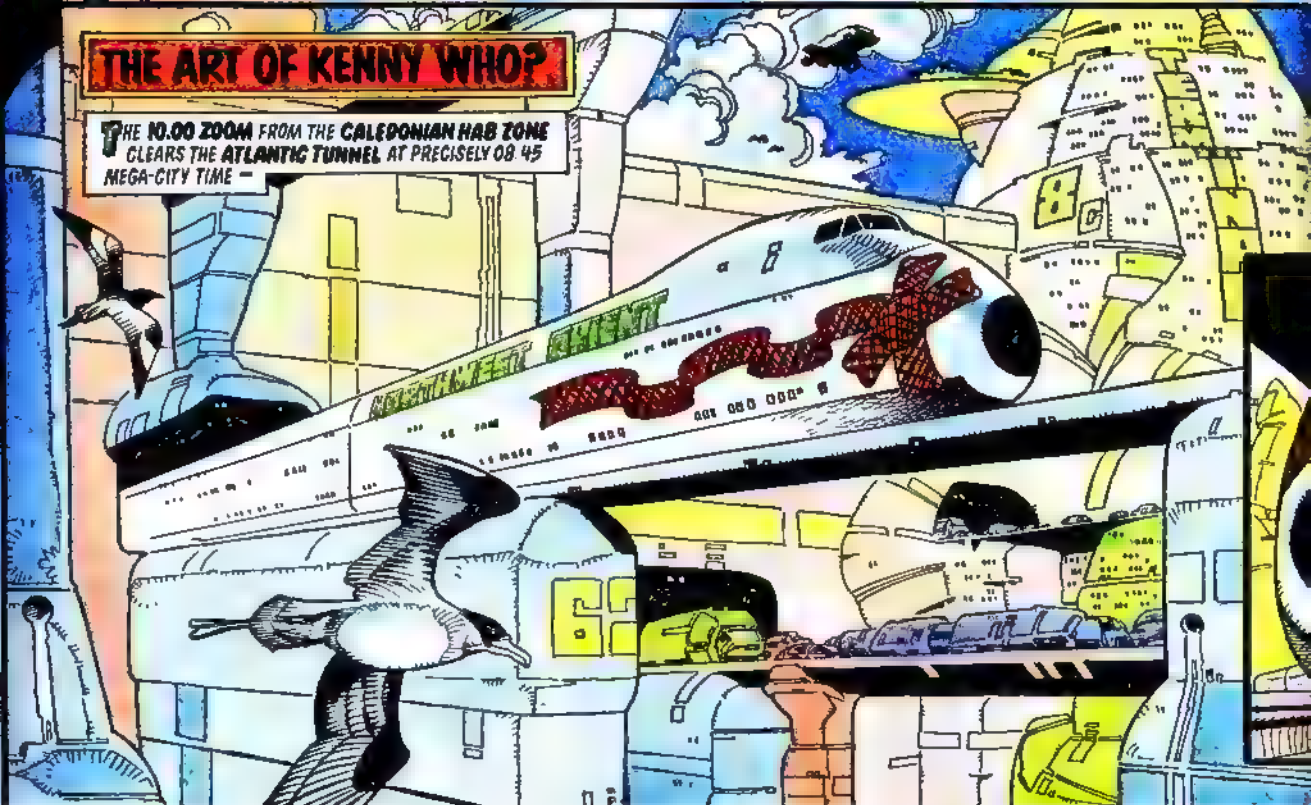
YES!

COME ON THEN!
WHERE IS
IT?



THE ART OF KENNY WHO?

THE 10.00 ZOOM FROM THE CALEDONIAN HAS ZONE
CLEARS THE ATLANTIC TUNNEL AT PRECISELY 08.45
MEGA-CITY TIME —



STILL, HE'S HERE. HE'S MORTGAGED HIS PAD. SOLD HIS POD.
BUT IT'LL BE WORTH IT. THIS IS WHERE **THE FUTURE** LIES.

I'M HERE AT LAST —
AND THERE'S NO
STOPPING ME
NOW!

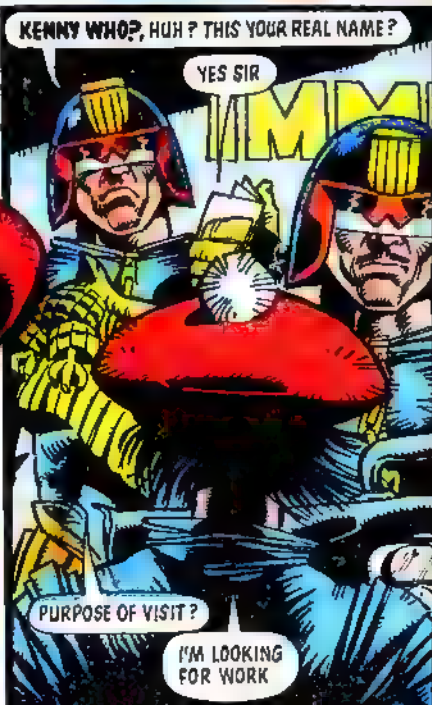


KENNY WHO?, HUH? THIS YOUR REAL NAME?

YES SIR

PURPOSE OF VISIT?

I'M LOOKING
FOR WORK



WORK? WE GOT 98 PER CENT
UNEMPLOYMENT HERE. WHAT MAKE
YOU THINK YOU'VE GOT ANYTHING
WE WANT, WHO?

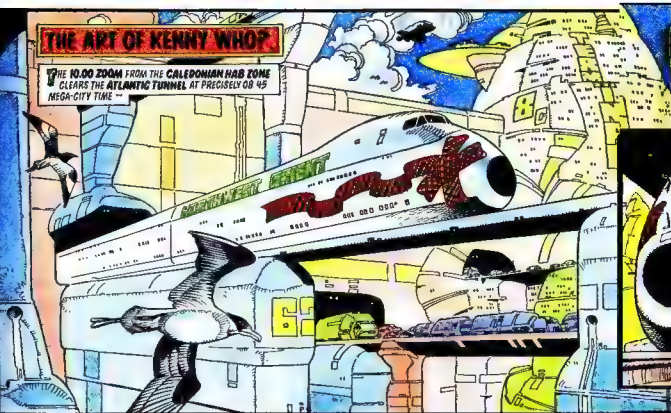
I. I'M
ARTIST

ARTIST SCHMARTIST! SO WHAT? WE GOT
PLENTY **ROBOTS** TO DRAW OUR PICTURES

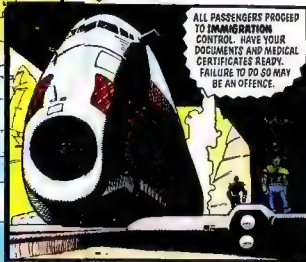


THE ART OF KENNY WHOP

THE NO. 00 ZOOM FROM THE CALEDONIAN HAB ZONE
CLEARS THE ATLANTIC TUNNEL AT PRECISELY 08:45
MEGA-CITY TIME



JUDGE DREDD



ALL PASSENGERS PROCEED TO IMMIGRATION
CONTROL. HAVE YOUR
DOCUMENTS AND MEDICAL
CERTIFICATES READY.
FAILURE TO DO SO MAY
BE AN OFFENCE.



NO LOITERING IN THE
FEEDWAY. KEEP MOVING.
HAVE ALL HANDLUGGAGE
READY FOR INSPECTION.



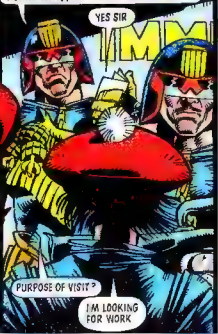
TWELVE HOURS HE'S BEEN TRAVELLING.
TIRED, WASHED OUT, AND THE
ZOOMLAG ISN'T HELPING.

STILL, HE'S HERE. HE'S AMORTGAGED HIS PAD, SOLD HIS POD.
BUT IT'LL BE WORTH IT. THIS IS WHERE THE FUTURE LIES.



I'M HERE AT LAST -
AND THERE'S NO
STOPPING ME
NOW!

KENNY WHOP, HUH? THIS YOUR REAL NAME?



YES SIR

PURPOSE OF VISIT?

I'M LOOKING
FOR WORK

WORK? WE GOT 98 PER CENT
UNEMPLOYMENT HERE. WHAT MAKES
YOU THINK YOU'VE GOT ANYTHING
WE WANT, WHOP?



I... I'M AN
ARTIST.

ARTIST SCHMASTIST! SO WHAT? WE GOT
PLENTY ROBOTS TO DRAW OUR PICTURES.



I'M BETTER
THAN ANY ROBOT.
JUDGE! I'VE GOT
SOMETHING THEY
CAN NEVER HAVE -
TALENT!

BETTER HAVE A
LOOK AT THIS,
DREDD



THIS YOU, WHO?

YES, SIR. IT'S MY
PORTFOLIO.
MY BEST WORK.

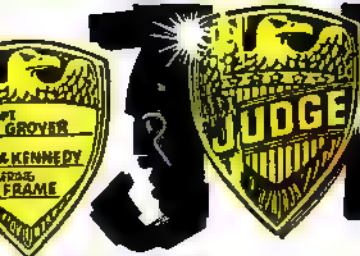


WELL I DON'T
LIKE IT!

BU-BU-BUT WHY?

'COS IT'S
FREAK-OUT,
WEIRDO
STUFF.
THAT'S
WHY!

JUDGE DREDD



ALL PASSENGERS PROCEED TO IMMIGRATION CONTROL. HAVE YOUR DOCUMENTS AND MEDICAL CERTIFICATES READY. FAILURE TO DO SO MAY BE AN OFFENCE.



NO LOITERING IN THE FEEDWAY. KEEP MOVING.
HAVE ALL HANDLUGGAGE READY FOR INSPECTION



TWELVE HOURS HE'S BEEN TRAVELLING. TIRED, WASHED OUT, AND THE ZOOMLAG ISN'T HELPING.



I'M BETTER THAN ANY ROBOT. JUDGE! I'VE GOT SOMETHING THEY CAN NEVER HAVE - TALENT!

BETTER HAVE A LOOK AT THIS, DREDD.



THIS YOU, WHO?

YES, SIR. IT'S MY PORTFOLIO. MY BEST WORK.



WELL I DON'T LIKE IT!

BU-BU-BUT WHY?

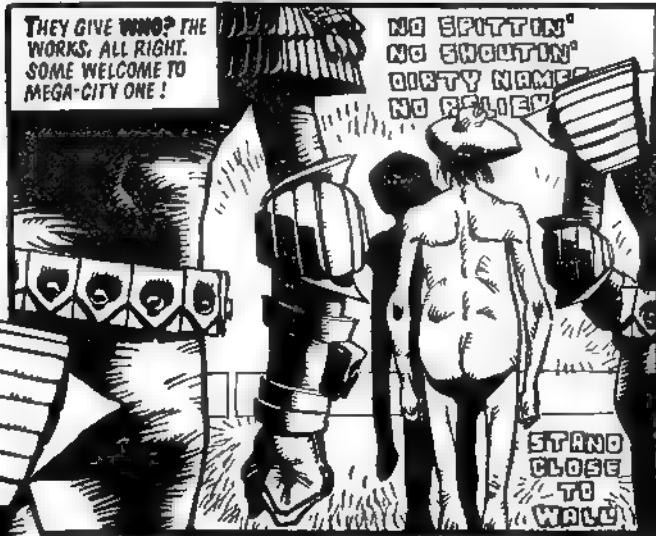
'COS IT'S FREAK-OUT, WEIRDO STUFF, THAT'S WHY!

AND ANYONE WHO BRINGS FREAK-OUT, WEIRDO STUFF INTO MY CITY, I WANT TO KNOW THE REASON WHY.

TAKE HIM AWAY. GIVE HIM THE WORKS. LET'S SEE WHAT THIS SO-CALLED ARTIST IS MADE OF.

THEY GIVE WHO? THE WORKS, ALL RIGHT. SOME WELCOME TO MEGA-CITY ONE!

NO SPITIN' NO SWOUTIN' DIRTY NAMES NO RELIEF



DRINK THIS.

VOMIT INTO THIS.



YOU-YOU CAN'T DO THIS! I'M NOT A CRIMINAL - I'M AN ARTIST!



YEAH? WELL PAINT US A BAGFUL.

THIRTY MINUTES' INTENSIVE INTERROGATION. ANOTHER HOUR AND A HALF WAITING FOR TEST RESULTS -

OKAY, WHO? GET YOUR CLOTHES ON. YOU'RE CLEAN.



YOU'RE FREE TO GO. BUT I'M NOT HAPPY ABOUT YOU. YOU'VE GOT A 24 HOUR VISITORS PERMIT. 3 HOURS OF WHICH HAVE ALREADY ELAPSED.

FINISH YOUR BUSINESS AND MAKE SURE YOUR BUTT'S ON THE MORNING ZOOM OR IT'LL BE WARMING A CUBE.



24 HOURS! THOUGHT I'D GET A WEEK AT LEAST!

CABBE!





KENNY WHO? GAZES
AROUND HIM, AWESTRUCK.



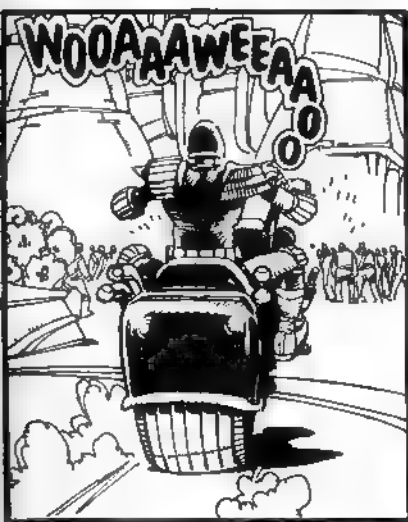
HE IS A NATIVE OF THE WILD
CALEDONIAN HAB ZONE, A
COUNTRY BOY. HE'S SEEN HOLOS
OF THE MEGA-CITY... BUT NO
HOLO COULD PREPARE HIM FOR
THE SHEER ENORMITY OF IT.

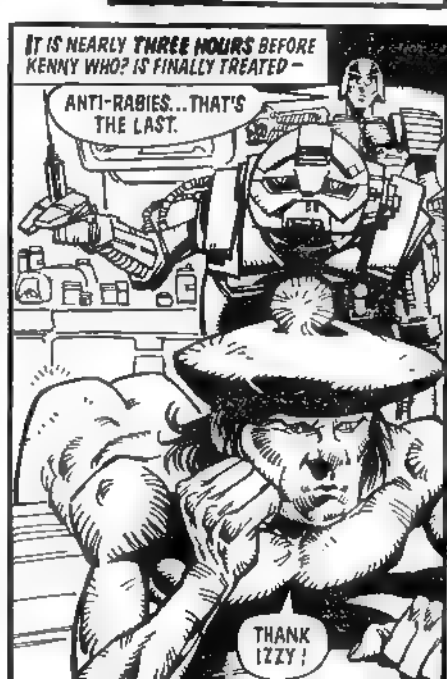
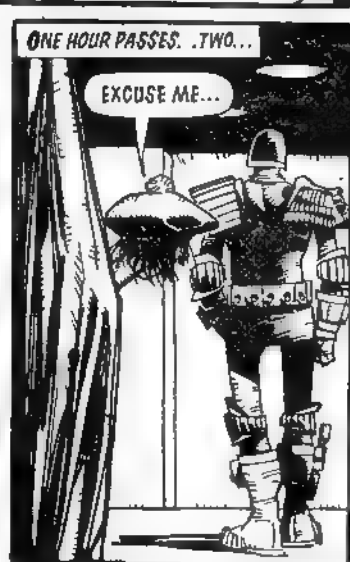
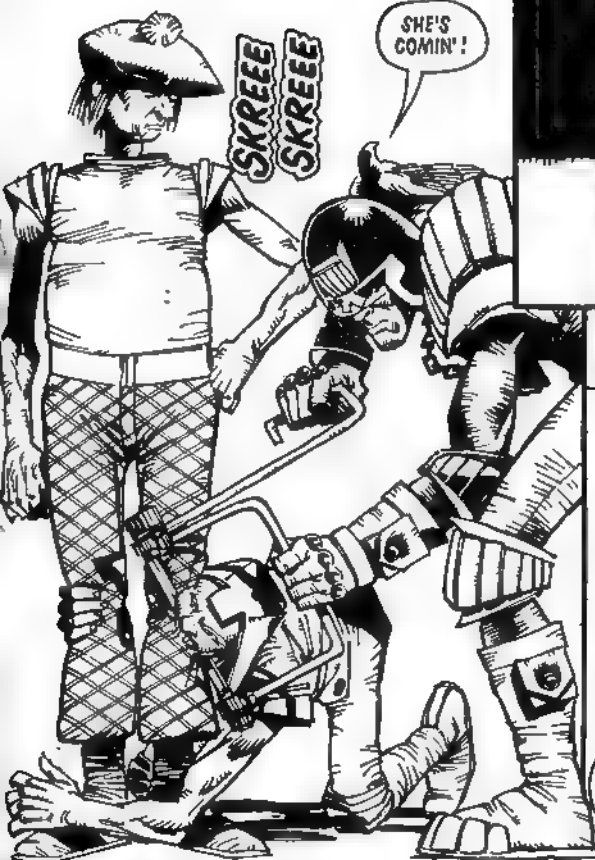
AND RISING ABOVE IT ALL,
LIKE A DEFIANT FINGER
POINTING TOWARDS HEAVEN,
THE MONSTER EDIFICE OF
BIG 1 TOWER

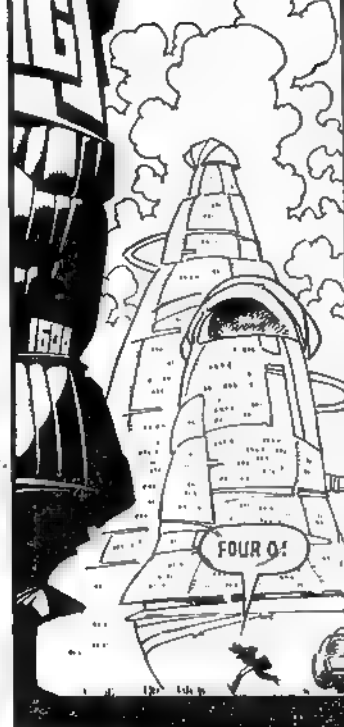
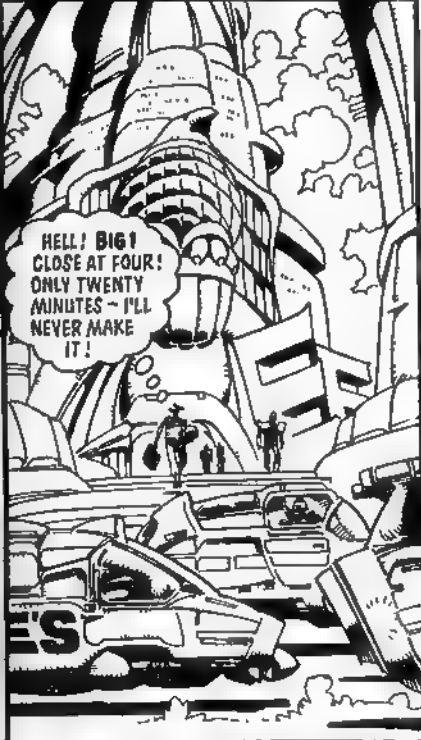


IT MAKES
HIM FEEL...
SMALL.









CLUNG!



NEXT
PROG.

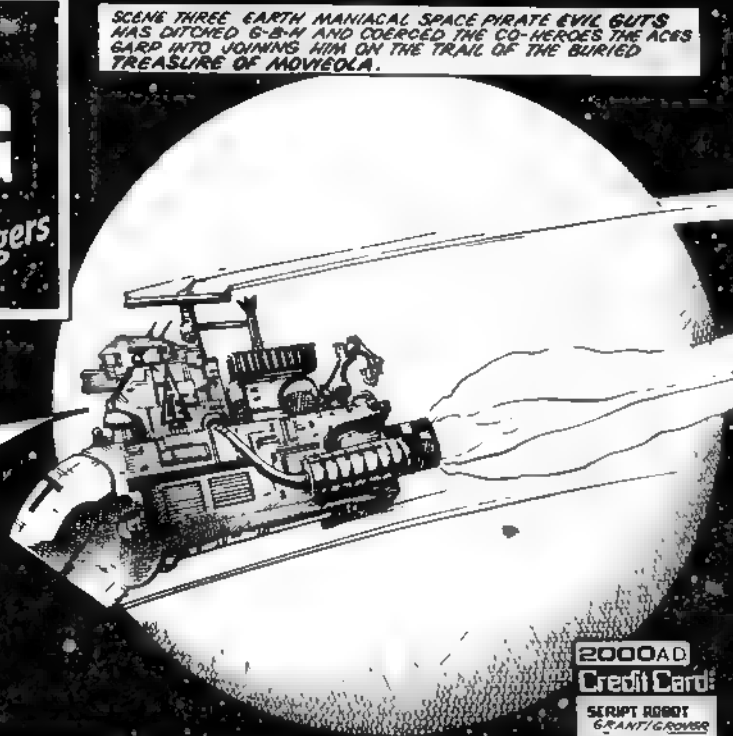
WHO'S WHO??



ACE TRUCKING

C^o The Garpetbaggers

EARTH, MATEYS! BETTER
STEEL YERSELVES—THERE'S
SOME MIGHTY WEIRD-
LOOKIN' BEIN'S
DOWN THERE!



SCENE THREE EARTH MANIACAL SPACE PIRATE EVIL GUTS
HAS DITCHED S-B-H AND COERCED THE CO-HEROES THE ACES
GARP INTO JOINING HIM ON THE TRAIL OF THE BURIED
TREASURE OF MOVIEOLA.

2000AD
Credit Card

SCRIPT ROBOT

GRANT/GROWER

ART ROBOT

BEARDINGWELL

LETTERING ROBOT

TONY JACOB

COMPU-73

AN' NONE SO
WEIRD AS THEM
WE'RE A-GOIN'
TO MEET IN THE
STATE OF
MOVIEOLA!

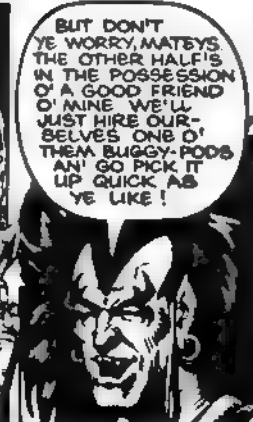
ONLY WAH
WAH DIGGER
I EVER KNOWED
WAS THAT PAIN
JAGO KAIN—
BIT OFF HIS
FUNNEL 'FORE
I TOOK THE
NIGHTLIGHT-
FLIGHT.

DISSOLVE TO LONG SHOT
AS GHOST COMES IN TO
LAND AT HIGH NOON
SPACEPORT.

AFORE WE
GO OUT THERE,
MATEYS, THERE'S
SOMETHIN' YE
OUGHTER KNOW
YE SEE, OLD EVIL
GUTS HASN'T BEEN
EXACTLY STRAIGHT
WITH YE ABOUT
THIS HERE
TREASURE
MAP—

HIGH NOON SPACEPORT









SCENE FOUR:
RAMBO BAMBOS.

DRAGON'S WORLD. JOHNNY
ALPHA'S HUNT FOR THE
MEN WHO KILLED HIS
PARTNER CONTINUES

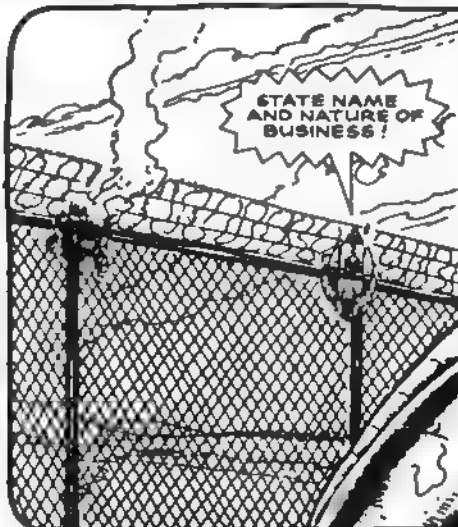
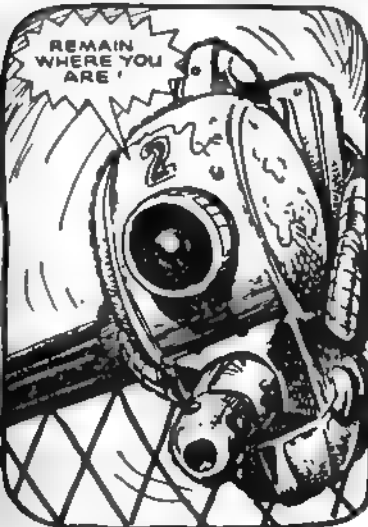
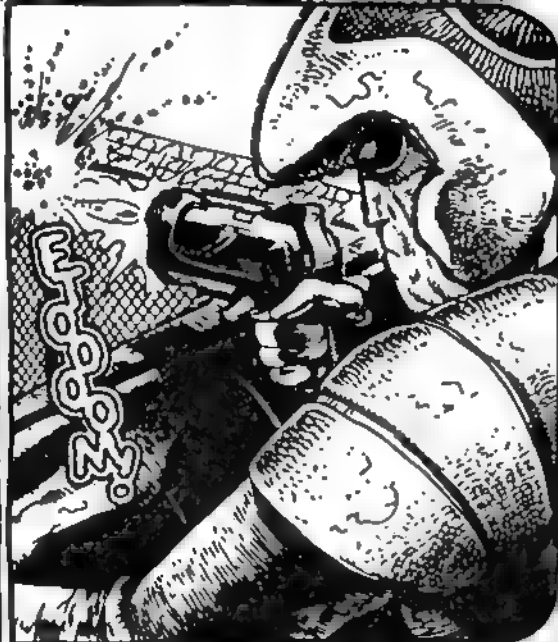
BLAKE'S
MINE.
PRIVATE

WHRRRRRR

LASER
CANNON!

Strontium RAGE

2000AD
Credit Card
SCRIPT ROBOT
ALAN GRANT
ART ROBOT
C E ZOUERRA
LETTERING ROBOT
KID ROBSON
COMPU-73







PRETTY, AIN'T THEY?

YOU'D NEVER KNOW, WITHOUT 'EM NO ACCELERATED PROTON GENERATOR WOULD BE WORTH A CRED!



COLBY COE — MANAGER, WHAT'S THIS ABOUT ONE OF OUR RIGS?

CAME ACROSS IT ON THE PLATEAU COUPLE OF HOURS BACK. CREW ALL DEAD — FIRES BURNIN'.

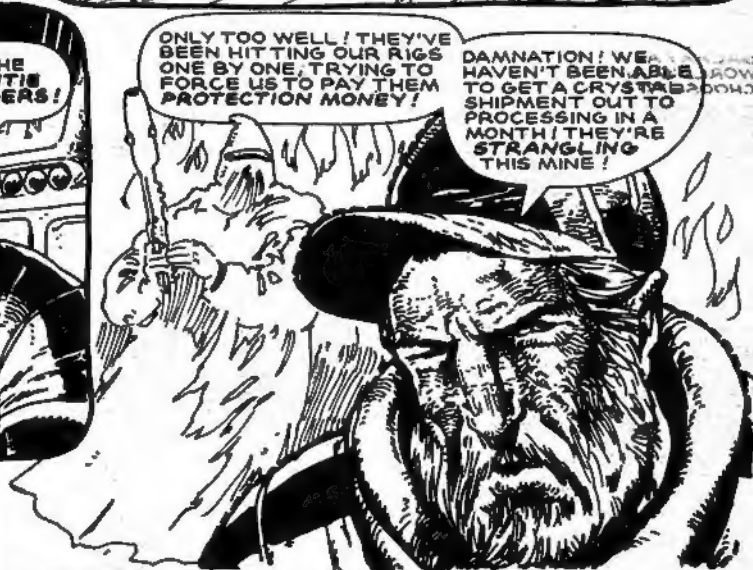
THAT'LL BE NUMBER FOUR — JACKO EWING'S CREW!



RIG SECURITY TAPES SHOWED SEVEN, EIGHT RAIDERS, EIGHT HOODED.

THE MUTIE RIDERS!

YOU KNOW THEM?



ONLY TOO WELL! THEY'VE BEEN HITTING OUR RIGS ONE BY ONE, TRYING TO FORCE US TO PAY THEM PROTECTION MONEY!

DAMNATION! WE HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO GET A CRYSTAL SHIPMENT OUT TO PROCESSING IN A MONTH! THEY'RE STRANGLING THIS MINE!



MAYBE THERE'S NOTHIN' ELSE FOR IT, MR COE — MAYBE IT'S TIME WE STARTED TO PAY UP.

NO! DAMMIT, DEX — I WILL NOT GIVE INTO EXTORTION!



HOW LONG HAS THIS GANG BEEN OPERATIN'?

SIX WEEKS, COUPLE OF MONTHS.

JUST SEEMED TO SPRING OUT OF NOWHERE! WE RECKON THEY'RE AN OFFWORLD OUTFIT — RENEGADES, MOST LIKE!



SOONER

OR LATER



SCRIPT: MILLIGAN
ART: MCCARTHY
LETTERS: FRAME

H EARD SOMEONE SAY THAT THE PAST IS A FOREIGN COUNTRY. IN THAT CASE THE FUTURE MUST BE AN ENTIRELY DIFFERENT PLANET... I MEAN, WHO EVER HEARD OF ANYTHING SO INSANE AS FOOD MOUNTAINS?



...AND ALTHOUGH BLIND AND INCREDIBLY CUMBERSOME THEY CAN BE HARD TO OVERCOME...



OUR LEADERS WILL HAVE TO GO THROUGH A COMPLICATED SYSTEM OF NEGOTIATION BEFORE WE ARE ABLE TO ATTACK...



IT'LL BE A LONG WAIT. WHY DON'T YOU WRITE A LETTER OR SOMETHING?

GRÈCHE SAID I COULD ONLY SEND ONE LETTER HOME...



AH! I'VE A FRIEND IN THE TEMPORAL POST OFFICE WHO'LL SNEAK A LETTER BACK TO THE TIME WHEN YOU WERE SAVED FROM YOUR PAST...

FAB! SEEMS RULES IN THE 30TH CENTURY ARE RATHER LIKE THE UNEMPLOYED IN THE 20TH, COCKBURN...



THERE ARE LOADS OF THEM...

...AND THEY'RE ALWAYS GETTING BROKE.



Dear Clinton,
feel a bit of a twot writing to you.
I mean, you've probably been dead
for at least 940 years...

NEXT: LETTER FROM A MERRY CUR!

A Grim Reaper Scan

